New Things Every Woman Ought to Know

How a Famous Chef Serves Alligator Pears

THE alligator pear grows on a fine, spreading evergreen tree with leaves large and oval in shape. While native of northern South America, it is now widely grown in the West Indies and Florida.

The alligator pear is also known as "midshipman's butter" and is one of the best of all tropical fruits, being easily digested, wholesome and nourishing.

An analysis shows it to contain twenty per cent fat, and in a form which can be taken by the most delicate persons, even when they cannot partake of fat from an animal source.

The alligator pear requires very few trials before one becomes extremely fond of it. In addition to being palatable, it is a great aid in building up both muscular and nervous systems.

There are various manners in which the alligator pear may be served, but it is generally used as a salad. It is ripe or ready for use when it will yield readily to a slight pressure of the fingers.

The following recipes for alligator pears are ones used by the chef of one of New York's most famous hotels:

ASTORIA SALAD—Hearts of Romaine, covered with sliced orange, pineapple, grape fruit, and alligator pear cut into small squares and served with French dressing.

ALEXANDER SALAD—Take a heart of lettuce, hollow it, and fill hollow space with small spoonfuls of alligator pear and nut meat, and serve with French dressing.

MISS SIMPLICITY SALAD—After removing rind and seed, cut into small squares and serve on a lettuce leaf, with nut meat and a French dressing.

A LA CANTALOUPE—Another and probably the most popular manner of serving the fruit is to halve it, and after removing seed and lining, serve half to each person, with a light sprinkling of salt, or salt, pepper, vinegar and olive oil.. It may also be served in halves, as above, substituting lime or lemon juice for vinegar; or it is extremely palatable if halved, served with prepared salad dressing, (after the latter has been thinned with vinegar and olive oil), when it may be eaten in the same manner as a cantaloupe.

The alligator pear is deserving of even greater popularity, owing to its nourishing and digestible qualities.

YOU MIGHT TRY---

To Prevent Fading.

TO prevent the fading of ginghams, calicos and lawns, dissolve five cents worth of sugar of lead in a pailful of lukewarm water. Put the goods into it and let stand for three or four hours. Wring out, dry and press in the usual way. This process also shrinks the goods.

To Remove Iodine Stains.

TO remove a tincture of iodine stains from your skin or clothing strong ammonia water is excellent.

To Clean Black Satin.

PEEL and slice two large raw potatoes, put into a pint of water with a pinch of salt and let stand all night. Next morning sponge the satin on the right side with this mixture and wipe lightly with a cloth. Then iron on the wrong side.

A Southern Cook's Advice.

WHEN frying griddle cakes rub the griddle with a small bag of salt. The cakes will be just as brown and the room not filled with disagreeable odors.

To Clean Windows.

TO clean windows satisfactorily a little turpentine dissolved in warm water is the best thing to use.

For Tender Feet.

IF the feet are tender bathe them often in strong alum and boric acid. It should be applied when the flesh is dry and allowed to dry on the feet.

What to Feed Your Baby

By Dr. H. K. L. SHAW,
Director Division of Child Hygiene of the State Health Department of New York.

IF your baby must be of the class called "bottle babies," get the best and cleanest milk you can afford. Mix five ounces of the milk with ten ounces of pure water and add two even teaspoonfuls of sugar and ½ ounce of lime water. This will suffice for one day and should be given at seven feedings, when the child has reached the age of one week.

Prior to that the proportions for a day's rations for baby should be two ounces of milk diluted with eight ounces of water, to which are added one tablespoonful of lime water and two even teaspoonfuls of sugar. This is enough for seven feedings.

Remember in your allotment that one ounce is about two level tablespoonfuls. Prepare the milk every day from a full, shaken bottle. Place in a well scalded nursing bottle. The milk should be pasteurized. The stopper should be of clean cottin batting.

From the age of one week the infant should have an increase in milk of one-half ounce every four days and the water should be increased by one-half ounce every eight days.

At three months the average child requires eighteen ounces of milk daily, which should be diluted with sixteen ounces of water. To this should be added four even tablespoonfuls of sugar and one or two ounces of lime water. This should be given in six feedings.

In mixing the milk and water after the third month, the milk should be increased by one-half ounce every six days, and the water should be reduced by one-half ounce about every two weeks.

At six months the average child daily requires twenty-four ounces of milk, which should be diluted with twelve ounces of water. To this should be added one or two ounces of lime water and three even tablespoonfuls of sugar. The amount of milk should now be increased by one-half ounce every week.

The milk should be increased only if the child is hungry and is digesting his food well. It should not be increased unless he is hungry or if he is suffering from indigestion, even though he seems hungry.

At nine months the average child requires thirty ounces of milk daily, which should be diluted with eight ounces of water. To this should be added two even tablespoonfuls of sugar and one or two ounces of lime water. This should be given in five feedings. The sugar added may be milk sugar, or if this cannot be obtained, cane (granulated sugar) or maltose (malt sugar).

At first plain water should be used to dilute the milk. After three months a weak barley water may be used in place of the plain water. It is made by adding one-half level tablespoonful of barley flour to sixteen ounces of water and cooking for twenty minutes.

At six months the barley flour may be increased to one and one-half even tablespoonfuls, cooked in thirteen ounces of water.

Give the baby plenty of boiled water between feedings. A very large baby may require a little more milk and a small or delicate baby will require less than the milk allowed in these directions.

After age of one year is reached the child should be made to drink its milk from a cup or glass. From this time on to eighteen months there should be five meals daily, as follows:

First meal, 6 a. m.—Milk (pasteurized or scalded), eight to ten ounces, and thick barley water or oatmeal jelly, two ounces. The juice of one-half and later of a whole orange may be given at 9 a. m.

Second meal, 10 a. m.—Milk with stale bread or zwieback, or well-cooked cereal with milk.

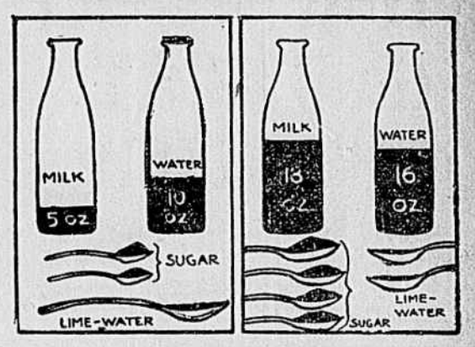
Third meal, 2 p. m.—Chicken, beef or mutton broth with boiled rice or stale bread broken in, or scraped beef with bread crumbs, or drink of warm milk if desired, and zwieback or stale bread.

Fourth meal, 6 p. m.—Milk with stale bread or zwieback, well cooked cereal.

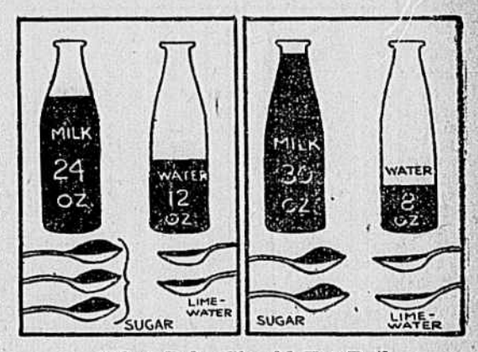
Fifth meal, 10 p. m.—Milk, eight to ten ounces, and thick barley water or oatmeal jelly, two ounces.

From the age of eighteen months on to two years the child's daily rations should be arranged like this:

Breakfast, 7:30 a. m.—Juice of whole sweet orange or pulp of four to five stewed prunes. Cereal cooked at least three hours, cornmeal, oatmeal, pettijohn, rice, cracked wheat, wheatena, sweetened (one-half to one teaspoonful of sugar) or salted, with milk. Glass of milk, warmed, with very stale and preferably dry bread.



Baby's Daily Rations
When 1 Week Old When 3 Months Old



What Baby Should Eat Daily
When 6 Months Old When 9 Months Old

Second meal, 11 a. m.—Glass of warmed milk with very stale bread or zwieback or one or two graham crackers.

Dinner, 2 p. m.—Choice of one cup of broth or soup made of beef, chicken or mutton and thickened with farina, peas, or rice; or beef juice, two ounces, or dish gravy on stale bread; or soft boiled or poached egg, boiled rice cooked four hours, or one-half baked potato and glass of warmed milk.

Dessert—Apple sauce, blanc-manage, cornstarch, custard, junket, stewed prunes or plain rice pudding.

Supper, 5:30 p. m.—Well cooked cereal with milk. Glass of warmed milk. Stale bread and milk. Give at least four glasses of milk a day. No food between meals. Water several times a day.

A Complete Short Story

The Bouquet of Heather

CAPTAIN CHAUTECLAIR was a smart and dashing officer, who combined in his manners the best qualities of the officer and the man of the world. He was not yet forty-five, and had the reputation of being one of the gayest officers in the army, a brilliant conversationalist, an accomplished singer and a splendid after dinner speaker, altogether a perfect society man.

Nobody knew that under the mask which the world knew he was a broken-hearted man, to whom life had no value whatever. When very young death had robbed him of his beautiful wife, whom he loved passionately.

Eliane de Solange was not rich, but she possessed what is worth infinitely more than money, a heart of gold, and she was as beautiful as she was good.

When she left he church on her wedding day on the arm of her handsome husband, everybody who saw them agreed that they had never seen a happier or better-looking young couple. None of them had any idea that death and sorrow were lurking near them.

Though Eliane with her pale complexion and fair hair looked as frail as a lily, she was apparently strong and healthy.

They had loved each other long before the day when the church gave them its blessing—ever since she was a girl in short dresses and he an angular, awkward boy. And when they grew a little older and learned to know what love really meant, they had built many beautiful castles in the air, which they both felt sure would in time be realized.

War, of course, might separate them, but who believed in the possibility of war any longer? And if the war were to come, she would follow her husband into the field as a nurse, looking after the wounded.

It was a brave and courageous woman Captain Chauteclair had chosen for his bride, and surely they were to be happy together.

And happy they were, as happy as it is given only to few people to be in this world, until the day when Death mercilessly struck Eliane down in the flower of young wifehood.

Chauteclair went almost insane with grief, but when his tears ceased flowing he hid his sacred memories at the very bottom of his soul. He loved solitude, but did not seek it, because he understood its danger.

Apparently he continued his gay existence as an army officer, but he was firmly determined to court death, should he ever be able to do so with honor.

Then came the war of 1870.

It is not necessary to recall the memories of that dreadful year, when France was crushed. Whoever loves his country knows what it means to see it struggling in the throes of death.

When the bugles sounded Captain Chauteclair was among the first to depart for the front and he sincerely hoped never to return, but his wish was **not** to be fulfilled.

In vain did he rush into the maddest fight at Gravelotte. He was struck by three bullets, but none of his wounds was mortal. He was picked up by an ambulance and when he recovered he found himself a prisoner of war at Heidelberg, where a poor Russian family filled with enthusiasm for France asked the special favor of offering him a home.

With the same firmness of mind they had enabled him to live through the saddest days of his life, he now bore his physical suffering without a groan, and no sooner had his wounds healed than he surprised his host and his family by his constant radiant humor.

One day, however, the burden of memories nearly overwelmed him and he returned to his room to hide his sorrow, which the world must never know.

It was the anniversary of the death of his wife.

He was standing at the window looking into the foreign landscape, where everything was covered with a layer of snow in spite of the Spring, and he felt his eyes fill with tears at the thought of the loss of his wife, and the misfortunes of his beloved France.

Before his mind's eye he saw this white silent shroud enveloping the heart of France, and stopping its very heartbeats, but his greatest sorrow was that his beloved wife to-day did not get the bouquet of heather he had placed on her grave on the anniversary throughout the ten years that had passed since she died.

This bouquet of heather was like a breath of his youth, full of sentiment and poetry.

The first time he had met Eliane she was carrying a bouquet of heather in her hand, and when they parted she had given him a sprig of the pink flowers as a symbol of a love born at first sight. This sprig of heather had never left him since, on the battlefield or here in his prison days.

The idea that Eliane was not to get her heather this year was more than his strong htart could stand, and he burst out sobbing like a child and buried his face in his hands.

Poor Chauteclair!

The sorrow he felt was so violent that for a while it robbed him of his senses and his mind began to wander.

Eliane aproached him slowly, with noiseless step, silent as a shadow, her face was as he had seen it last, she was smiling and there was an expression of quiet happiness in her wonderful blue eyes, while her golden hair enveloped her whole figure like a radiant mantle.

She came so close to him that at last he felt her warm breath in his face, and suddenly she raised a veil she was wearing and handed him a bouquet of heather.

The vision was so strong, so lifelike that the captain awoke from his dream with a cry.

On the table in front of him lay a bouquet of heather, the pink flowers covered with snow, and in the doorway stood Eve, the youngest daughter of the family, a little girl of six, embarrassed and sad. She had wanted to surprise him with the flowers and he had scared her so dreadfully.

The captain stood at the window with the bouquet of heather in his hand, and a feeling came to him that those we have lost on the anniversary of their death come back with flowers to those who are prevented from placing flowers on their grave.

Sacrifice Rewarded

A CONVINCING NARRATIVE SHOWING THE DEPTHS OF A WOMAN'S LOVE.

NAN turned away from the couch where they had placed the injured man. She heard what the doctor was saying as in a dream.

"Sight gone. No hope, I fear. Here, nurse"——There followed a number of instructions as the terrible injuries Tom Lang had sustained were attended to.

There was hardly a sign of life.

Nan Morris had followed on from the mill where she worked. She was thinking that Nell might have come, for Nell and Tom were engaged. Poor Tom! Perhaps this accident would open her sister's eyes to the truth.

She went a step nearer to the bed, but the nurse motioned her away.

"There is nothing you can do," said the woman. The doctor did not seem to know the girl was there at all.

"Nell does not care," she murmured.

Nan made her way to the door.

"And he—he never thought of me."

It was evening then. No good returning to the mill. Nan made her way home, to find Nell sitting at supper with their mother.

"Nell! Haven't you heard?"

"Yes. Poor Tom!"

There was a hard ring in her voice.

Nan dropped wearily into a chair and peered into the fire.

"He'll get all right again," said Nell.

Nan darted her sister a look.

"She never loved him," she thought sadly.

With their mother it was always Nell—Nell, the spoiled one, who remained at home.

Nan worked. She tried not to think, but at that moment she caught sight of Nell's dainty white hand, on which a ring sparkled—Tom's gift.

"I am going to bed, mother," said Nell. She said it with a drawl, as she stretched her arms wearily. "I hope there will be better news of Tom."

"Nell is feeling it very much," said Mrs. Morris, when Nan and she were alone.

NAN CANNOT SLEEP.

Nan could not sleep. Tom lying there—dead perhaps.

He had been kind to her in the old days, before he had seen Nell when she came back from her aunt's in town.

He would be blind!

Nan rose hastily, and slipped on some clothes.

Bang! Bang! Bang! at the door.

The girl was down the flight of stairs. As she dragged open the door she saw the hospital nurse.

"Miss Morris?"

"Yes," panted Nell.

"That poor fellow, Tom Lang—he's dying—he is asking for you—for Nell—his sweetheart. Quick!

Asking for Nell!

Nan choked back a sob.

"I will fetch her."

She drew back; the nurse entered the passage. Nan was at her sister's room door. Mrs. Morris called to her, and the girl heard her mother entering the apartment behind her.

Nell's bed was empty—had not been lain in.

Nan was at the table. A letter, a lumpy letter, was sticking in the cheap mirror. It was addressed to her. She tore it open.

"Dear Nan—I cannot marry Tom. I am leaving his ring, and am off with Jim Brinton, whom I love.—Nell."

"Mother!" cried the girl.

"It is terrible," she said feebly, "terrible, Mr. Brinton. He did show her attention—I"——

Nan held the ring the letter contained, and, hardly knowing what she did, slipped it on her finger.

In a room with shaded light Tom Lang lay at the point of death.

Nan was on her knees by the bed.

"Nell," he whispered, "Nell—good of you—not forgotten. I'm blind—I"——

His hand was on hers, and it seemed to her that he gave a sigh as he noticed the ring.

He sank back. The doctor was there. Nan was conscious that something had happened. The silence was less acute. It seemed to her that the danger was past.

* * * * * * *

At the works they were very good to her. She was given leisure to look after the invalid.

The following day the injured man was better. He seemed to Nan to be looking at her, but she knew that he could not see.

"It is good to know you are there, Nan," he said, "but where is Nell?"

The girl gave a sob. Of course he could not have continued in the mistake.

"She will be here?" he asked.

"Yes—she will—be here."

Tom Lang spoke again, the words coming with difficulty.

"I am going to set her free, you know. It was in my mind—it seems long ago. She can't marry a blind man, can she?"

"I—don't—know."

And it was in her heart to tell him that her love would never have stopped short at any sacrifice. But then he never cared for her.

Day after day Nan was at the hospital—working on half time, telling herself it was her duty to sit with Tom.

How could she ever bring herself to tell him the truth about faithless Nell? She would not dare—no, never. It would be his death.

"It is strange," he said, one day—"us both—Nell and I—being ill like this. You give her my messages? You don't mind sitting with me?" he said pitifully.

"No, I don't mind. Tom, dear."

HE CARESSES HER.

"You are so good."

He caressed her toilworn hand.

Then a subtle change seemed to her to come to Tom Lang. There were days when he never mentioned Nell.

"You work too hard," he said to her.

"Oh, no," she replied brightly. "Work is the very best thing."

Nan watched him wistfully. He relied more and more on her. It was a relief to her to be with him in the pretty cottage kept by Mrs. Bates, a woman who had been let into the secret, and who could be trusted to remain silent.

Tom watched for the girl. She took him for walks along shady lanes, and he spoke of his work—and sometimes of Nell.

"Nell has gone away," she said. "We thought it best."

"I see," said Tom quietly.

"Poor Nell," he muttered. That was all. He began to speak of Nan, and of her work.

"They tell me," he said, "that I shall be able to get back my sight by degrees. Mr. Baxton was here to-day, and he spoke as if I should soon be able to return to work."

"I shall be glad," said the girl.

"You are so good," said Tom. "It seems to me that you never think of yourself."

Thanks to Mr. Baxton, the head of firm, the operation to his eyes was undertaken by a specialist, and one day Nan saw him standing by the window gazing at her.

"It is like a new world to me," he said gravely. "Nan, dear, I am so glad to be able to see you."

He took her hand and kissed it, but Nan drew back quickly, a flush overspreading her face.

"But Nell," she murmured, thinking that it was due to him to recall the absent girl.

Tom shook his head.

"I don't think, dear, that we will speak of Nell. You see, I knew."

"You knew?" cried Nan affrightedly. "How did you know?"

"It was one evening, long ago, when I was seated there." He pointed to the Windsor chair. "I thought of Nell. How foolish I was! And you were there; you, tired out with serving others. You dropped to sleep with the book you had been reading to me on your lap. It fell to the ground. You began to talk in your sleep, and then I knew—knew that Nell was no longer anything to me, that you were keeping the story back for my sake."

"Tom, dear, I expect Nell will be very sorry one day. You loved her, you know."

"I never loved her," he cried passionately. "When I was attracted by her I did not know what love was, Nan, darling. It is you who have taught me that, who have shown me the truth."

"Tom!"

"It is true. You shielded her. I don't think that there could be anyone in the world like you."

He caught her to him. She was sobbing now.

"Tom, you don't know what you say. It can't be true. You don't know—I—I——"

"Oh, Tom, I never thought—never hoped; but if you are sure," she was clinging to him.

"Nan, dearest, I know all now, and my accident was the luckiest chance that could have come to me, for it opened my eyes to the truth."

A Resourceful Servant.

"What!" cried a mistress to her new maid, whom she had found sitting down in the library with her hands folded. "Here you are sitting down! Why, you were sent in here to dust the room!"

"Yes, ma'am," was the girl's reply, "but I have lost the duster, and so I am sitting on each of the chairs in turn!"

According to Contract.

Master to Coachman—John, just go down to the well and draw some water for Mollie!

John—I was engaged to drive horses and not to draw water, sir.

Master—Oh, well, just get the horses and carriage out and drive Mollie to the well, then!

Number One First.

"I've got a little gift here for you and Jim—a bottle of fine old Scotch whiskey," said a kind employer to one of his men. "Drop in at Jim's on your way home and give him this, will you?"

"Certainly," replied the man. But on his way he fell and broke one bottle. "Poor Jim'" he murmured as he picked himself up.

A Complete Short Story

The Heart That Came Back

I SEE him—I see Don Juan sitting in his chamber at an immense table of solid oak, with a big jug of wine at his elbow. He leans against the table and stretches his long legs across the floor, while, absorbed in thought, he stares at the tips of his big boots.

So that is how he looks, Don Juan, the famous! How old is he? Forty years, perhaps? Yes, he may well be forty with his raven beard and curly black locks and sparkling eyes with the fires of hell in them. Look how slender he is—not an ounce of superfluous flesh on him.

And Don Juan, originally merely a product of imagination, seizes the thought and becomes a living, breathing creature. He straightens himself up, strokes his beard, runs his fingers through his wavy hair, takes a deep draught from the jug and says:

"Well, yes, I—I am forty! What about it? Am I not Don Juan, nevertheless? Are not all the women of the world at my feet?"

He arises and laughs viciously, as a wicked man laughs, with his lips alone, his eyes ignorant of the laugh. He throws out his chest and blows himself like a rooster. He knows to a point what an omnipotent fellow he is. Even to-day he shall see a new proof of his power, for the beautiful Isabella has promised to meet him here in this very room.

He turns on his heel and walks five paces along the floor, turns again, walks back, turns once more—then stops and listens.

"H'm! That was very strange!"

He raises his head and listens once more—walks again, stops and listens! Suddenly he discovers that it is not a sound he hears but a sound he misses, something that ought to be heard—something has stopped somewhere—but what is it?

He remembers once lying on a wagon, the ungreased wheels of which screeched. The monotonous grind of the wheels made him fall asleep and followed him into his dreams, until the wagon suddenly stopped and what was at first a torture because it screeched, now tortured him because it had ceased.

Or he has been listening to the splashing of the rainwater from a gutter throughout a whole long day until the rain began to cease and the intervals between the sounds of the dripping from the gutter grew longer and longer, painfully long.

But what is it that is missing now? He stands very quiet, listening, lays his hand on his chest, shudders, and turns pale with horror!

His heart is not beating!

His heart—his heart! It is impossible! He tears open his coat and presses his hand against his naked breast, against his hard ribs. No, his heart is not beating!

He stands thus for a long while, holding his breath.

No, it is not beating! It has actually stopped! Something has died in the wonderful works within him.

And in a flash it is revealed to him that it must be a long time since his heart was lost. It is this very faithful tick-tock he has been missing for many years. Perhaps he never had a heart. Yes, once—very, very long ago. It was only when his heart was lost and disappeared that he became Don Juan, the invincible, with a glow in his eyes and an icy smile about his lips—this dreadful Don Juan, who has nothing but a shrug of the shoulders for the unfortunate women who give him their love and in return receive merely contempt—Don Juan has no need of a heart.

And still! He crossed his arms and ponders. Once he did have a heart. He mumbled names of women and counted on his fingers.

Maria? How was it about Maria? Didn't he swear twenty long years ago, didn't he swear by his heart that he would be faithful to her? Faithful! He spat on the floor with an outbust of contempt. It sounded foolish, but nevertheless! Didn't he pawn his heart to golden-haired Maria—and forget all about it?

He picked up his hat and went out into the street. The town was old, and time loves what is old. Surely Maria must still be living in the old house at the gate. Don Juan was stubborn, he wnated his heart back now, though he had no need of it whatever.

But the house was gone. Only a heap of ruins was left to mark the place where Maria, the beautiful, lived. Children who never even heard her name played among the bricks.

Don Juan stopped an old woman who was passing. She pointed with her stick to the convent. There the noble gentleman must look for Maria. It was such a sad story, hers. There was one who was faithless to her, and who gave his heart into her keeping.

The old woman held out her trembling hand begging for alms, but Don Juan pushed it aside and rushed away with long strides.

Don Juan stood at the speaking grill in the convent. A figure in black approached the other side. Her face was veiled. She was Sister Maria.

"Woman!" said Don Juan, roughly, "you have my heart. Give it back to me!"

"Do you remember?" she asked. "So you have really not forgotten little Maria from the house at the gate?"

"Give me my heart," said Don Juan, who is not fond of the wasting of words.

A white trembling hand gave him something through the bars of the grill. He took it.

He went away without thanking her, never turning around to look at her, thinking, as always, merely of himself. And when he got outside he held the throbbing heart to his ear and listened.

'How it beats," he thought. "I wish it were in my bosom now."

And suddenly the heart was back, where it ought to be. The evil glow in his eye disappeared, the vicious smile about his lips vanished. He bowed his head and sighed. Memories came back to him—everywhere he saw little Maria, the golden-haired, the gentle. There never was a woman in the world like her.

His page came rushing up to him. A strange, noble lady was waiting for him in his chamber. Don Juan must come immediately. But Don Juan shook his head. What did he care for the strange lady. Let her go.

Don Juan walked across the fields in deep thought. Poor Don Juan, he got back his heart, and he could never love again, never love anybody but her who gave him back the heart, and she was beyond his reach.